

STARVING ANIMALS AND CRAZY WIFE NEAR MAN'S BODY

Son Finds Mrs. Kenny Raving
as She Clasps Famished
Cats to Bosom.

HUSBAND DEAD 5 DAYS.

Injuries Show Ravenous Beasts,
Kept Prisoners in House,
Had Attacked Him.

Charles Kenny, a middle-aged laborer who worked for the Hudson tunnel builders, fell ill last Monday of an acute form of dropsy and took to his bed at No. 202 Third street, Hoboken. His wife, Ada, fifty-four years old, sent word to their son, Emil, who lives at No. 22 Barrow street, Manhattan, asking him to come to them. Emil, who is one-legged, reached the cottage on Monday night.

His father did not seem dangerously ill, and Emil, who has a family of his own, came away after securing his father's claim check for \$12.50. It was yesterday before the son had an opportunity to cash the check. Late last night, with the money in his pocket, he made his way back to the home of his parents. He tried the knob of the front door. The door was barred on the inside. He knocked and knocked, but the only answer from within was a strange whining, growling sound.

Breaks in Door.
Young Kenny put his shoulder to the door and broke it in. As he entered his mother sprang from a bed in the corner. Clutching to her breast she held two half-starved, struggling cats. She dropped the cats to the floor and made at her son manfully. She was half dead and terribly emaciated. Her gray hair was hanging over her face.

A third cat and four 1-yr. famished dogs were raving the two rooms of the house. Of his father Emil Kenny saw no sign.

In terror he backed away from his mother, fending off her attacks with one of his crutches. He reached the door, slammed it behind him, and held off to find help. Two blocks away he came upon Policeman Clark, and Clark accompanied him back to the house.

As Clark pushed in, one of the dogs sprang at his throat. The policeman kicked it and the brute, too weak to resist, rolled into a corner and lay there.

Body on Bed.

The woman had returned to the bed and was again holding her cats to her bosom. The body of her husband lay beside her. His condition showed that it had been attacked by the starving animals. There was no fire in the place and no food. In the opinion of an undertaker, when Clark called in, Kenny had been dead since Tuesday.

Mrs. Kenny struggled against removal, but she was too weak to offer much resistance. She was bundled into a ambulance and carried to Police Headquarters. Her mind was entirely gone. She did not recognize her son. She had apparently lost the power of speech and she fought against taking nourishment, although physicians said it was evident she had eaten and drank nothing for days.

TO DINE LEADER FITZGERALD
Howery Constituents to Give Big
Eats at Delmonico's.

A banquet will be tendered by his associates to John C. Fitzgerald, Tammany leader of the Third Assembly District, at Delmonico's next Wednesday evening. Fitzgerald succeeded "Little Tim" Sullivan and in the last campaign had the banner district in the city and State of New York, giving Dix a majority of 4,500 votes.

Wilfred J. Taupier, the new manager of Delmonico's, promises to serve a menu which will tickle the palate of the boys of the Bowery and their guests. Many Supreme Court Justices will be present. Senator Thomas F. Grady will be toastmaster, and will read the Legislature of 1911 which the silver-tongued orator is mentioned as leader of the Senate.

W. L. PIERCE DIES SUDDENLY.

Lidgerwood Company Official
Stricken at Hotel St. Andrew.

Walter L. Pierce, fifty-five years old, general manager and director of the Lidgerwood Manufacturing Company and vice-president and treasurer of the Lidgerwood Company, of No. 96 Liberty street, died suddenly early today in his apartments at the Hotel St. Andrew. Mr. Pierce left his office at five o'clock yesterday, ate a good dinner and retired early. After midnight Mrs. Pierce rang for an attendant and Dr. W. B. Hoar, of No. 12 West Eighth street, reached the hotel within fifteen minutes. Mr. Pierce died before his arrival.

Mr. Pierce had been ailing for a year with stomach and heart trouble.

SENATOR'S JOKE ON HIMSELF

Wait to See Taft Makes Young
Think of His Short Term.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Senator La Follette, Young's Representative, said yesterday waded over the snow and ice to the White House. Col. Young is serving by appointment until the Legislature next month elects a Senator to succeed the late Mr. Dolliver. Judge Smith had undertaken his introduction to the President.

There was a big crowd on the waiting list. After the two Iowa had filed in their chairs for more than thirty minutes the Senator turned to Representative Smith and said:

"Say, Judge, if we don't get to see the President pretty soon my term will expire before I have had a chance."

"Girl of the Golden West" to Be Sung To-Night at the Metropolitan for First Time Anywhere



**Puccini's Much Talked
of American Opera,
Founded on David Be-
lasco's Well Known
Play, After Weeks of
Careful Rehearsal
Ready for Its Launching**

**Demand for Seats Said to
Be Unprecedented and
Speculators Asking Big
Prices—Reception to
the Italian Composer
After the Performance
in Opera House.**

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

Puccini's long-anticipated, much-heralded American opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," founded upon the melodrama which David Belasco presented with such phenomenal success in the theatres, is to be launched to-night at the Metropolitan Opera House. That it is to be sung in Italian, under the title of "La Fanciulla del West," will be a regret to many of us; but, later on, if the opera shall prove to be a success, we may hope to hear it sung in the vernacular by a company under the direction of Col. Savage, who has secured the rights.

It is hardly necessary at this late day to dwell at length upon the plot, which finds its action in a mining camp of forty-niners in California, presided over by Minnie, whom all love and respect, of the insult to her by the sheriff, Jack Rance, of her falling in love with Johnson, the outlaw, whom she shoots when he is shot; of her sensational game of poker with the sheriff for her lover's life; of the would-be lynching of the outlaw save for Minnie's opportune intervention; of the granting to Minnie of the life of Johnson, whom she declares she has redeemed, and of the final departure of the pair to a new life amid the trees of every body. Suffice it to say that in the main the opera follows the story.

Rehearsal Untrifling.

Whatever may be the critical verdict upon and the public appreciation of the opera, nothing has been left undone by the management to insure its success. Mr. Gatti has put everything else aside to make time and place for rehearsal. All over the house they have been going on for weeks. Toscanini has been slave to them; so have the stage manager and his assistants and the chorus master and assistants. Above all in assiduity and untiring devotion has towered David Belasco, who has supervised the stage production and the acting down to the smallest detail. From leading artist to humblest chorus man there is nothing for him but gratitude and admiration and intense personal devotion. What has he done for Caruso as an actor? But that is for the public to find out to-night.

The Dress Rehearsal.

There was a dress rehearsal of the opera on Thursday morning, to which the management had invited so many people prominent in society, singers, actors, literary and musical men and the reviewers, that the orchestra was crowded. Mr. Krebbs, dean of the critics, who arrived a few minutes late, had to go upstairs to find a seat. It would be a breach of courtesy to hint at what the rehearsal revealed to the writer, but it may not be out of place to say that more impressive than the enthusiasm manifested by the invited guests at the close of each of the three acts was the silence that prevailed, as profound as at any performance of "Parsifal," while the curtain was up.

A Promising Cast.
Mr. Gatti has picked a most promising cast for "The Girl of the Golden West."



as Minnie, Caruso as Johnson, Amato as the Sheriff, Dink Gilly as Sonora, and Hella, Dink, and Glenn Hall in other parts. Also, as the Indian girl, Wovkie, the Indian girl.

The demand for seats is said to be unprecedented. Nothing choice can be had at the box office, and the speculators are credited with demanding exorbitant prices.

A Chat With Dippel.

One of the most interested of observers at the rehearsal was Adolph Dippel, formerly administrative manager of the Metropolitan and now general manager of the Chicago Opera House. He is to present "The Girl of the Golden West" in Chicago on Dec. 26. He told the writer that his Chicago season had been most successful, financially as well as artistically. He added that he was particularly interested just now in the Tuesday night French opera season which he is to give with his Chicago company at the Metropolitan Opera House, beginning on Jan. 2. In addition to "Parsifal," "The Ring," "Tales of Hoffman" and the French operas with which Mr. Hammerstein was familiar at his Manhattan Opera House, he will present Jean Nougues' "Quo Vadis," a novelty in America, and on Feb. 23 will give a special performance of Victor Herbert's new American opera, "Natoma," to be sung in English, with Mary Garden in the title part.

After the performance to-night there will be tendered to Mr. Puccini, in the Opera House, a reception to which representatives of society, music and art have been invited.

SLEZAK AS LOHENGGRIN.

Fremstad as Elsa.
"Lohegrin" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night with Leo Slezak, the Czech tenor, for the first time in New York, as the Knight of the Grail. His giant figure, encoined as it was in the most shining of shining armor, made for a sensation on his first appearance. Little wonder that Gatti, as Telramund, of no mean size himself, was worried in the fight. But the "frame-up" was not artistically carried out. Telramund did not fall from a blow, but went down before a sword merely uplifted. There would be cries of "fakel" in a modern ring contest. A too great tendency to posturing and a lack of the traditional ethereal atmosphere of the character were drawbacks to what, on the whole, was a fine impersonation. He sang well, especially the opening "Mahn Lieber Schwann" and the narrative in the last act.

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Up and Down Picture Lane

By Henry Tyrrell

YESTERDAY MORNING until lunch time was "varnishing day" of the winter Academy exhibition, which opens to-day at the Fine Arts Building, No. 212 West Fifty-seventh street, to continue until Jan. 5.

They call it "varnishing day" because at this first peep, when the artists themselves are present in their flat-brimmed toppers and vie-de-bohème gowns, and all sorts of dangerous people are prowling about disguised as critics, nobody would think of uttering the plain, unvarnished truth of his opinions—on, rather, blurred impressions. Calm reflection later on may bring forth quite another story.

The Carnegie prize of \$500 for the most meritorious painting, portraits excepted, goes to William S. Robinson for a blond landscape called "Golden Days."

The Thomas R. Proctor prize for the best portrait is awarded by Douglas Volk to "Markham of Hovvoka." Honors are easy in this class, for the portraits are mostly bad.

Kenyon Cox wins the Isidor memorial medal with his figure composition, "Book of Pictures," and you wonder how this happened until you recollect that Hugo Ballin, William Sergeant Kendall and F. Ballard Williams are not in the running, having won this medal in preceding years.

The Helen Foster Barnett prize for the best piece of sculpture by an artist under thirty-five years of age is very justly awarded to Abastou St. Leger for his animated figure "A Windy Doorstep."

The 14 pieces of sculpture shown, filling one entire gallery, leave space for only 25 pictures in the other three rooms, including the Academy Room, or "Morgue." But this number suffices.

A group of five magnificent Winslow Homers, loaned for this occasion, and hung together in the Centre Gallery beneath a garland of laurel, would alone suffice to give tone to the assemblage. But there are other notable things, and to spot them it is necessary to get away from the prize-winners entirely.

President John W. Alexander's "Summer Day"—two ethereal girls in red and green, and a white pussy cat, all secured in a golden haze of diffused sunlight—has a grace of easy mastery. Robert Sewell's "Sirens"—girls, gulls and sea waves in a swirling symphony of movement—is a highly distinguished piece of decoration. Martin Walter's "Fresh Air Children on an Outing" is a beautiful composition, with a color charm that does not vanish even though the picture is viewed from a distance. Chase contributes a warm, Whistlerian "Studio Interior." Gardner Symons a splendid wintry river winding through hills in "Silence and Evening Light." Ernest Lawson, roomy for all, "Harmless River at High Bridge," and Ben Foster a naive, Postorian "Afternoon at Longport."

Among the livestock shown must be noted Carleton Wiggin's bull, "Woodcrest Lad," and H. R. Pomeroy's two Uncle Tom bloodhounds. In the poultry class, Walter Douglas's "Chanticleer" is cock of the walk.

COMMISSIONER HARRISON MORRIS got around to the Madison Art Gallery in time to gather in James Lee's "Fishing Back at Dawn" for the Rome International Exposition, and while he was there he added to his rapidly growing collection a fine canvas by the gallery's impresario, Henry Pich Taylor—a steam-ventilated Monday morning scene in the Central New York City when the "O'Clock" whistles are blowing to summon us to our daily toil, at the beginning of another busy week.

The American art exhibits at Rome are to take in oil, water colors, pastels, miniatures, black-and-whites (including engravings) and small sculptures, all of which are to be shown in a Colonial building designed by Thomas Hastings.

AN Academy in miniature is the Thumb-Box Exhibition at Kata's No. 42 West Seventy-fourth street. Nearly 40 sketches—they are really rapid but finished little pictures, with the inimitable advantage of not being finished too much—by eighty American artists, men and women, are hung in harmonious mosaic on these walls.

Many of the foremost of our younger artists are represented here by their best, or, at least, their most spontaneous work, in oil, water colors, pastels, miniatures, black-and-whites (including engravings) and small sculptures, all of which are to be shown in a Colonial building designed by Thomas Hastings.

In view of these facts, an agreeable surprise awaits the visitor and potential buyer in glancing at the prices, for in this catalogue every picture has its figure attached in preference to rating up the space with foolish or superfluous titles. And the figures are very modest indeed—an average of \$25 to \$40 for little gems (sometimes) from artists whose larger replicas of the same things at the Academy and other exhibitions fetch their hundreds, and possibly even a thousand or two.

To specify or individualize the thumb-boxers is simply to express a personal fancy, where all varieties of taste and preference are well provided for. A fire were to break out, the present writer would probably try first to save two or three of Benjamin Easton's beautifully poetic mountain-height and lowly mountain-hill, and in the light of the cold will be gone.

Ask for RADWAY'S and be sure you get what you ask for.

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Synopses, a Harold Camp and a Charles Verin, to keep company with rare Ben. Bruce Crane, Arthur Hooper and George H. Macrum form a fetching trio of landscapes in the most modern mood—and Hooper's marine adds a deeper note of color. Other good marines are shipped in by Messrs. Yates, Hamdell, Potter, Hasler, Nisbet, Wagner and Russell. The spirited Brittany sketches of Aloysius O'Kelly ought to be specially prized by painters.

Warren Davis's three mermaid-like nudes and Harry Townsend's dashing costumed models compete closely for first honors in the figure class. Some showy heads by Herbert A. Morgan are not more than half bad.

Paul Cornoyer, Colin Campbell Cooper, Emma L. Cooper, Martin Baxter, Charles Warren Eaton, Charles P. Gruppe, F. J. Mulhaupt, Rhoda H. Nichols, Arthur Barton, R. M. Shurtzoff, Everett L. Warner and the two Wisniewskis are all here to help out the most notable demonstration yet given of what may be done by rule of thumb.

POTTERY, picture framing and book-binding, constitutes the three main features of fourth annual exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, in the galleries of the National Arts Club, No. 119 East Nineteenth st. There are pictured tiles and iridescent vases in the ceramic end, wood-carving stunts in the frame factory, and illuminating Christmas cards in the bookbinding alcove, where everything about a book, except the dull and uninteresting process of writing it, is shown in practical craftsmanship.

The bookbinder is king, also, at Bonaventure's Gallery, No. 5 East Thirty-fifth street, where the work of the best-known European artisans in the line is displayed—including some choice seventeenth and eighteenth century French volumes, of which more than one was on the book-shelf of Queen Marie Antoinette at Versailles.

There are just like old violins," declares Mortimer, the illustrator, whose art enthusiasts are as by no means confined to pictures alone. According to Mort, old man Le Gascon was the Stradivarius of bookbinders, and the eyes were its assets.

masters are represented in the leather-and-velum symphony orchestra at Bonaventure's.

THE Art Auction Rooms of Manhattan—the clearing-house for pictures, sculpture, literary curios, furniture, rugs, tapestries, bronzes and jewelry—are all uncommonly busy dispersing collections and putting beautiful things into general circulation.

At the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms (which ought to be renamed, because the place isn't on Fifth avenue at all, but at No. 2341 Fourth avenue, Twenty-fifth street), Auctioneer Hartman is disposing of a wonderful lot of Chinese ceramics and rugs and Japanese lacquerware, silk, at Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, always has fine furniture and pictures from some late well known collector's estate. Anderson's galleries, in East Forty-sixth street, have lovely gray-green rooms for oil, water color paintings and rare antique Chinese bronzes, in addition to the usual bronzes and bins of literary junk.

THIRTEEN centuries of flower-culture and art-tradition as to the decorative arrangement of blossom, leaf and spray, are behind the work of the Japanese water-colorists of to-day, such as Genito Katano, who has filled the rear room of the Madison Gallery, No. 96 Madison avenue, with morning glories, chrysanthemums, hydrangeas, poppies, lilies and cherry-blossom in mist, rain and snow, also in the hands and hair of dainty Satsuma maidens.

It is all touched with the exotic grace of the far Orient—except where the artist's latter-day New York training has been tinctured with his native style in a landscape or two, and the team work badly together.

Critical snobs are always ferreting out the Japanese influence in the art of Whistler, but here is a new clue on the trail of Henri Matisse: one of the fads of Matisse and the school of decorative effect, the "wild" impressionist, is the balance or relation of a drawing's mass and outside boundary lines to the size and shape of the sheet of paper or canvas on which it is executed.

Well, this idea is as old as the Japanese hills. It shows as plain as Mount Fuji Yama, in the pictures of Genito and of Basile. In the drawing of the former, at the Madison Gallery, the artist crowns his signature with a cabalistic red seal, which vastly complicates the problem of decorative effect. It is up to him to place it precisely in the spot where it will do the most good, and this is seldom the same in two different pictures.

Consequently the signature fits about like Whistler's butterfly and alights in the most unexpected places—sometimes over in the northwest corner or on the extreme margin near to the frame, then again in the center of the composition perhaps right under the subject's nose.

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